# THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

## CLOSING THE DOORS.

I have closed the door on Doubt;
I will go by what light I can find,
And hold up my hands and reach them out
To the glimmer of God in the dark, and call:
"I am thine, though I grope and stumble and fall.
I serve; and Thy service is kind."

I have closed the door on Fear.
He has lived with me far too long.
If he were to break forth and reappear,
I should lift mine eyes and look at the sky,
And sing aloud, and run lightly by:
He will never follow a song.

I have closed the door on Gloom.
His house has too narrow a view.
I must seek for my soul a wider room,
With windows to open and let in the sun,
And radiant lamps when the day is done,
And the breeze of the world blowing through.

—Irene P. McKeehan.

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# THE PACIFIC

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## IS IT TO BE THE ASCENDANCY OF THE TEUTON OR THE SLAV?

Generally people hereabouts condemn Austria-Hungary and Germany for the great European war which seems at this writing unavoidable.

The Pacific is not in favor of war, but we venture the assertion that it would not be easy to keep the people of the United States from war if they had been having for some time such provocation on their Southern border as the people of Austria-Hungary have had on theirs.

There is in this country no paper of sounder judgment than the Springfield Republican, and that paper said in an editorial last week:

"That Austria is not wholly without a case may be seen by considering the part played by the Maine in causing our Spanish war. The justification, of a sort, urged for that war was that dangerous and intolerable conditions were maintained in Cuba, near our shores; and the sinking of the Maine was a concrete instance. It would be a closer parallel to suppose Texas filled with rebellious Mexicans anxious to secede to Mexico and a president of the United States assassinated by a Texan affiliated with a band of conspirators at the Mexican capital. Under such conditions we may be sure this country would be as hot for war as Austria, and that the demands made upon Mexico for apology and amendment would be quite as severe as those now imposed upon Servia."

After showing that Servia regarded Austrian rule as a despotism, The Republican went on: "To Austria the continuance of Servia as an independent state means the maintenance of an intolerable nuisance at her very doors and within them. In Servia are but 4,000,000 Serbs; Austria-Hungary has 6,000,000 to govern, and how is government possible with sedition fostered across the border in Belgrade, backed by St. Petersburg in tampering with Austrian subjects."

While The Springfield Republican did not go so far as to actually attempt to justify Austria-Hungary in its action, it did say this: "If Austria-Hungary has a right to exist at all she has the right to protect herself from dissolution; and the ethics of such a situation as this cannot be judged apart from the role of the dual monarchy in history and its value to civilization."

What many Austrians would like to see is a reunion of the Serbs as a self-governing kingdom under the Austrian Empire. What Russia would like is a greater independent Servia under a Russian protectorate.

The former we believe would be better for the Serbs and for the other nations of the world in the long run.

The assassinated archduke favored a plan for a third kingdom, composed of Serbs, with home rule, parallel to Austria and Hungary. To this end he was mainly responsible for the breaking of the treaty of Berlin a few years ago and for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. This doubtless led to his assassination.

We have been hoping that England would keep out of the struggle. It is only her fear of a German menace if Austria and Germany should win in the conflict with France and Russia that leads England to enter as a combatant.

Our judgment is that power in the hands of the Teuton is better for the world's civilization than power in the hands of the Slav. And say all that can be said against Germany, we prefer her advancement to that of Russia.

It may be of interest and value to the readers of The Pacific to learn what the most recent book on the Balkan nations has to say concerning the Servians. It is by Professor Sloane of Columbia University who spent considerable time among those peoples and in a study thereof. He writes of the great mass of the peasantry as "tricky, lazy and untrustworthy," saying that "the comparatively short period of their emancipation has not sufficed to put them into even the middle rank of stalwart manliness, except as soldiers."

"The life of Belgrade is in many respects sadly debased, the Servians proper being an ignorant peasantry with no leadership from an upper class; and, like all others in their condition, more receptive to the vices than to the virtues of western civilization."

Further, Professor Sloane says: "Corruption in public life is a wide-spread disease, and where money bribery is minimized, place bribery stalks unabashed. . . . At Belgrade the trade of politics has been on a level unknown elsewhere, unless it be at Constantinople. The overthrow of one king and the setting up of another was a matter of money, and it was the Russian Ambassador in Belgrade who provided the needed funds. The whole conspiracy has been patiently traced to its sources and outlined in all its details. There is not a step for which the documentary evidence cannot be produced."

But let us read further before we vote for "a Greater Servia." As to religion, Professor Sloane states that it is as yet largely a superstition; that social organization of a modern sort barely exists, that the leaders "stimulate national ambition with the exhibit of political toys and the emphasis of primitive manners as the cohesive force of a great empire." The facts are that they are "a peasant folk poisoned by the virus of a showy civilization for which they have no receptivity."

Their agriculture is rude; their manufactures are inchoate. Nevertheless writes Sloane: "This is the land which by reason of its name and its language aspires to

leadership and control in the creation of the Greater Servia. The passion for this ideal among all Cerbo-Croats is a species of imperial insanity. The Servians of little Servia expound it in their newspapers, they set it forth in their school books, nourishing their young on wind; it is the stock in trade of the demagogue, the theme of the rhymer, the subject of baby talk and cradle song."

Professor Sloane concludes his study of the Balkans with this observation: "The enormous increase in military strength on the part of the south Slavs, however divided among themselves they may be, accompanied by a similar steady growth of military strength among the north Slavs, has produced the conviction in Germanic Europe that no peace on its eastern frontier is possible, except an armed peace, a peace enforced by sheer brute strength against a lower civilization which manifests its growing pains in such fierce strife as that of the last year. Americans can very easily realize the situation of both Germany and German Austria if they figure to themselves a similar neighbor upon contiguous territory in a like state of semi-civilization, but able to call within a few days a well-armed, equipped, and drilled army numbered by the hundred thousand into the field."

All in all it is evident that the Teuton civilization, high and militant as it is, has a struggle for life because of the Slav power and immense numbers.

The aim of the Slav evidently is to make Eastern Europe with its large Slav population, which is not less than two hundred million, totally and entirely Slav—a federation at least of Slav States. Russia, with her one hundred and sixty million would be the dominant power—something terrible to contemplate. Largely the Balkan people with the exception of Greece are Slavs. About twenty-eight millions of the people within the borders of Austria-Hungary, more than half the population, are Slavs. Four millions of the Turks in Europe are Slavs. Prussia has six million Slavs.

Let Americans remember at least, now that war is on, that the German people, from the highest to the lowest, have long believed themselves to be engaged in an unceasing struggle for the supremacy of a higher over a lower civilization..

The report of an international commission, which investigated the conduct of the Balkan wars showed the reported barbaric rage and cruelty in those battles and afterwards to be facts.

It was only last March that Professor Sloane wrote of the incipient Balkan states: "As yet they have all the marks of turbulent youth, even of petulant childhood: their eruptive diseases are loathsome. Not one of them has hitherto exhibited a moral standard noticeably higher than that of the others. They have disregarded the treaty of London and the treaty of Bucharest, and an agrement between Rumania and Bulgaria made at St. Petersburg, and their own alliance under which they fought side by side —disregarded them all with an absence of principle most disheartening and distressing." And yet "they profess, with a fanaticism unknown in Central and Western Europe a form of Christianity, the precepts of which apparently make no impression upon behavior."

Such, then, are some of the characteristics of the peoples with which the Germanic nations have long had to deal with just over their borders.

We would rather see Germany moulding them for the future—much rather than Russia. And Germany even in Constantinople is to be preferred to Russia there!

This week the Emperor of Germany declared that he had long kept the peace, and in recent days had endeavored to keep it to the last.

Again we must quote the eminent professor of history in Columbia University:

"The great warlord has proven himself for twenty-five years to be the great peacelord of the European world. It is not the tradition of the Hohenzollerns to expand for the sake of expansion; but it has been throughout the long and not entirely inglorious history of the family their unbroken effort to consolidate the German lands and German populations for the German welfare; to defend what has been won; to create a majestic organism, and to assert the place of Germany among the great reciprocal forces, the powerful interacting influences of the modern world.

We have no reason to believe that there has been any change in this impressive policy. This seems more probable in proportion as the barbaric and atrocious excesses of the Slavs have exposed in glaring exactness not so much what they desire the warfare to be in which they engage, as what with their nature and temperament it necessarily must be.

The German empire has been absolutely loyal to the self-denying ordinance passed when the representatives of the Six Powers first met in London."

Germany is often spoken of as war-like in the sense of seeking a quarrel. Professor Sloane says that she is not; and that the whole world after the Balkan wars better understood her policy in the strengthening of her military forces; it has been because of her clear vision that there was on her eastern frontier a most serious menace to her civilization.

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## "SHALL I DRINK?"

We are of the opinion that this question would be answered in the negative almost without exception by persons desirous of doing that which is best for themselves and others, if they were to read the book of which these words form the title.

It is a powerful arraignment of the drink traffic, setting forth most convincingly the damage to the human system, not only of excessive but also of moderate drinking.

The author of this timely volume, Joseph Henry Crooker, says: "We must teach with increasing vigor that the evil lies not chiefly in drunkenness but in drinking. We must make the moderate drinker realize that he is doing himself great injury and bringing serious evils upon his neighbors."

Liquor is a cell-poison, and all use of a cell-poison is abuse.

Among the citations in this book is one from a United States Senate document by Dr. George W. Webster, president of the Illinois State Board of Health, which reads:

"The alcohol problem is more important than the tuberculosis problem, as it costs more lives and more money; it costs the United States more than $2,000,000,000 annually; it probably causes, directly and indirectly, at least ten per cent of all the deaths in the United States; it predisposes to infection, destroys acquired immunity, prevents the occurrence of artificial immunity, at least in rabies; lessens resistance; leads to an increased mortality in all infectious diseases and after surgical operations; it lessens the power of the individual to resist the injurious influences of extreme heat and cold; it causes a deterioration of the quality of mental work; it diminishes the power

to withstand fatigue, and lessens the general efficiency of the individual; it is a poison and should be classed as such instead of as a food or stimulant."

No one can read the testimony of the many eminent physicians and scientists in substantiation of the foregoing indictments and fail to realize that no defense can be made for the drink habit.

Under the caption "A Business Proposition," Mr. Crooker says:

"Vote for the saloons to help business? Whose business? The business of the undertaker and the grave-digger! Whose business? The business of the policeman and the jailer! Whose business? The business of the brothel, the asylum, and the poorfarm! Whose business? The business of courts respecting divorce, criminals and neglected children! Whose business? The business forced upon forsaken women who wash and scrub to support the suffering family! Whose business? The business of the charity worker who toils to help the mothers in the homes made desolate by drunkards!"

"Vote for the saloon to help business? But that vote will make taxes higher, accidents more frequent, and labor less skillful! Vote for the saloon to help business? But that vote will tend to keep the laborer from having a bank account, from owning a house, and from sending his boy to college! Vote for the saloon to help business? But that vote will send out of town three dollars for every dollar that it spends in town!

"Before you cast that vote, look at it in the white light of truth, if not in the divine light of love, and see what a horrible thing you propose to do!

"You will vote not only to injure business, but also to ruin manhood, upon which all trade and commerce are based!"

Now, this is not mere rhetoric. On page after page of the book are found statistics that cannot be questioned, and testimonies of most eminent witnesses, in substantiation of every word of it.

This, for example: "The Board of Prison Commissioners of Massachusetts publish the statement that 30,281, or 94 per cent of the 32,077 cases imprisoned for all crimes in 1908 are intemperate by habit."

Inasmuch as California, Oregon, and Washington are to vote in November on prohibitory amendments, we commend this book to the readers of The Pacific as a most timely and valuable volume. It is published by The Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon street, Boston, for $1.00 net, or $1.10 postpaid.

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## PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Rev. Dr. C. L. Kloss supplies for the First Congregational Church of Portland during August. Dr. Kloss supplied for the First Church of Oakland soon after the departure of Dr. Brown. He is now pastor at Webster Groves, Missouri.

Commenting on the movement in Arizona to abolish the saloon the Northwestern Christian Advocate says: "Arizona sees the end of her 1,009 saloons. * * * Sentiment in the state is so pronouncedly against the saloon that the mere submission of the amendment is a splendid guarantee of its passage."

The Pniversity of Puget Sound has changed its corporate name to "The College of Puget Sound." This educational institution is situate at Tacoma and is under Methodist direction. We wish Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon, a Congregational institution, would change its name. It isn't a university and never will be.

We have a very interesting and valuable letter in The Pacific this week from the Rev. Tyler Dennett of Los Angeles who is on a trip around the world. The "good word" therein for Missions is supplemented by this in a personal letter to the Editor: "My feeling is that I did not assess their value high enough before I had seen them, notwithstanding my sympathy."

Judge Goodwin of Salt Lake City told last Sunday in the First Methodist church of that city of the influences which caused him to become a Christian: "The greatest influence, he said, was the teaching and example of a godlike father, who preached the gospel for more than forty years, and the sweet and saintly life of his mother in their home. And he added: "My experience as a lawyer led me to believe not only in the historical Christ, but that he was the divine Son of God. As I came to meet the problems of life I realized that unless I could rely on some power greater than myself, I was likely to lose the purpose of life. And when I had children of my own I felt that I wanted to leave them something of the priceless treasure of faith in God."

The Post-Intelligencer says of one of the Seattle Congregational ministers: "Summer and winter alike, Rev. Clarence R. Gale pursues the tenor of his way, including as it does, a multitude of duties. As superintendent of the Congregational Church Extension Society of the state of Washington he is identified with all the expansion efforts of one of the most successful missionary church bodies in the West. All the movements of his faith claim a liberal share of his time and efforts, and although his name rarely appears upon the committee lists or in any other way brings him into prominence everyone brought into close touch with the labors of religious endeavor in the state realizes the efficient work willingly and modestly performed by Mr. Gale."

A writer in The Pacific Rural Press says concerning the proposed eight-hour law: "In the fruit industry it would inevitably result in leasing great acreages of orchard to Japanese who, with the leasing companies already organized, could take these orchards over and work as many hours as they pleased since they would not be hired men. Very few orchard owners will attempt more than once to harvest a crop with hired help limited to the minute to an hour day. Not while Japanese companies are eager to pay alluring cash rental for bearing orchards. This, it seems to me, is what any level headed orchardist must see must come. And to one who wants to see this beloved State of ours kept as the heritage of the white man, the prospect is a mighty sad thing to contemplate. I cannot believe there are enough short-sighted voters in California to ever allow it to come to pass."

In 1910 Oregon voted on state-wide prohibition. At that time 63,000 voted wet; 41,000 dry; 13,000 voted for officers and not on the amendment; 117,000 was the total who went to the polls; 120,000 stayed at home. Fifty per cent failed to vote on Prohibition. The bad citizenship of the best people killed the amendment then. An amendment goes on the ballot this year, and it is hoped that with

the vote now of the women it will carry. Twenty-eight of the thirty-four counties in the state are "dry." Ninety-eight "wet" cities and towns have 800 saloons. Forty-five and one-half per cent of the population is in the cities. Sixteen per cent are foreigners. In 1910 Portland gave half of the "wet" majority. Oregon has 750,000 population; 63 per cent are of voting age; 55 per cent are qualified to vote; 265,000 men; 160,000 women. A statement of the situation on the 10th of July said: "Wet and dry is now an exact tie, but **there are 200,000 unregistered voters mostly dry.** The drys have three to one the best of it if they register their friends and get them to the polls. To that end a brisk campaign was on.

## THE PACIFIC COAST PULPIT.

### What Some of the Preachers Are Saying.

The Rev. H. O. Hannum of the First Congregational Church of Holyoke, Massachusetts, said in a sermon given in the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles Sunday, July 26th: "Home life and the religious life are the problems of today. What is the big influence in the shaping and molding of human life? Think back into your childhood. Was it the school, the church, the Sunday-school or the neighborhod that really made you? No, it was your own home. It was the idealism, the atmosphere, you breathed; and you thank God today for what your parents gave you through their faith and habits of life more than anything else under the sun."

The Rev. Dr. Hinson of the White Temple, Portland, speaking on the text, "If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me," remarked: "I like to think of my text as being the challenge of Jesus Christ, flung out into the teeth of his competitors. For he sees us, as strange gods are clamoring for our loyalty; as strange gods are seeking to warp us from the living truth, and command our soul's endeavor. Not the gods of old Egypt; not the gods of Rome; not the gods of Greece; not the gods of India, China, or Africa; but the gods of America; and the gods of the twentieth century; the gods of apathy, unserviceableness, pleasure-seeking, sordidness, selfishnes, all clamoring for your allegiance and for mine."

A Seventh Day Adventist Elder declared as follows in a sermon last week in Portland: "The Bible prophesies the movement of a great army from the north and the annihilation by it of the kingdom of the South. By this we understand that Russia drawn into the conflict as it is likely to be, will swoop down upon Constantinople, elsewhere known in the Bible as the kingdom of the South, and drive the Turks from Europe into the Holy Land. Then will follow the battle of Armageddon, consisting of a series of conflicts around Jerusalem. If Christ does not come to earth during the battle he will descend soon after its conclusion. We predict that the final battle of the nations will come soon, as a result of the present complications in Europe America because of her intimate commercial connections, will be drawn into the great war. The fact that the many prophecies of the Bible seem to converge just at this time when the nations of Europe are entangled indicates that the great crisis is near at hand."

The sermon on "The Christian Use of the Scriptures," given by the Rev. Shelton Bissell of La Jolla on the 12th of July, has been printed in pamphlet form. We quote a paragraph: "Supplement the revelation within by the revelation without the Bible. Even the Psalmist recognized that the scriptures did not contain all the truth about God. 'The heavens declare the glory of God. . . . Whither shall I go from thy spirit, and whither shall I flee from thy presence?' The flower in the crannied wall, the fossil in the buried rock, the tidal wave of racial migration and the faith in the heart of a child, all reveal God. The Almighty was not struck dumb when the canon of the New Testament was closed. Paul enjoyed the confidence of God no more than many another later Christian apostle. The greatest prophecy of the Book itself is that 'when the spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth." The splendid experiences which God has vouchsafed to His prophets and chosen people are to be enriched and amplified by what his universe of mind and matter reveals today."

The Rev. Robert Whitaker, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Los Gatos, said in his sermon Sunday morning: "We do not affirm the incarnation when we lend ourselves to legends about angels and magicians attending upon Christ's birth. It is a much larger affirmation when we dare to believe that God could reveal himself in a plain workingman. We do not in my opinion dignify Jesus by sending him to Egypt or India, or making him a disciple of this or that mystic cult of his time. I prefer to believe that his originality and his finality for the ages are due to the fact that he was free from all such influences. He is the Christ of the coming democracy precisely because he was a workingman himself, always and to the end! The respectables have dressed him up, as Saul tried to rig David up in his royal togs of battle. But the Goliaths of the ages are falling before Jesus because he disowned all that sort of thing. He was the barest man that ever walked the centuries, the nearest to reality, and so the one who is evermore divine."

The Rev. Dr. Robert F. Coyle remarked in a recent sermon in Los Angeles: "If church-going is to be made sufficiently worth while to thoroughly repay those who take the trouble to attend, we preachers will have to do better work. We must read more and study more and think harder, and translate our thinking into twentieth century terms, and be brighter and a good deal more up to date." Dr. Coyle was careful to add: "I do not mean that we must give up the old gospel. There is no old gospel. It is eternally new, and men want nothing else so much. But they want it in fresh dress with fresh applications. If it comes to them stale with medievalism and with the setting of a far-away toothless past, they will not listen." In leading up to these utterances Dr. Coyle spoke of the pressure under which people worked nowadays, so consuming of nerve force and vitality, and said that men and women, after a week of such toiling and moiling, after so much battling and bruising, wanted "the wine of gladness," and if they did not get it they were not likely to say, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, oh Lord of Hosts."

In the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City the last Sunday in July, Bishop Miller told of some reflections which he had on a journey through Utah's fertile valleys. "The wilderness has indeed been made to blossom as the rose, and this land is blessed beyond all others. The younger generation is living here in luxury and splendor, the fruits of the toils of the pioneers. And yet the people will continue to break the commandments of God." Mentioning the great amount of Sabbath desecration, the bishop continued: "Today people are traveling from one place to another,

seeking remunerative diversion or pleasure. On the street cars may be seen thousands of people going to the ball games, to the pleasure resorts, and armies of young men are in uniforms in response to the popular demand for Sunday base-ball games. There are thousands of Latter Day Saints who should be at the church today, but who, instead, are seeking after pleasure and the things of the world." And the question was, "How long will the Lord continue to pour out his blessings upon a people who persist in violating his commandments and reveling in sin?"

The Rev. W. W. Willard of the Congregational Church of San Jose remarked in a sermon on "Task and Tool," "God creates man; man makes the tool and the tool achieves the task. God and task are inseparably related. All work is divine. The joy of labor is in this fact. Every job may be a burning bush to one who has been initiated into this truth." Mr. Willard said in the course of his sermon: "The simplest tool may suggest to us the mystery of mind and matter; and also, religiously speaking, the Incarnation. How does mind mold matter to its uses? How does the Divine Mind create material forms for its ever-ascending manifestations? Here we face the ultimate fact and the ultimate mystery of life." Mr. Willard's line of thought in this sermon is suggestive of a few lines of poetry which represent an old-time miller as saying:

"I am a miller of tranquil mind,
Content, as my little grist I grind.
The simple folk in our valley know
That my meal is pure though my wheel is slow.
God's clouds loosed water that turns my wheel,
His sun grew maize that I turn to meal.
Though the toll comes scant to my measure's brim,
I am well content, for I grind for him."

The Rev. Dr. Locke of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles sent out, not long ago, the inquiry, "Is it easier or harder to be good in California than elsewhere? Sunday before last he based his evening sermon on the replies. Dr. Locke's finding was: "While it is true that our semi-tropical climate may offer special allurements to frivolity and a free and easy morality, because the nights, as well as the days, lend themselves to out-of-door pleasures, yet it is probably not any easier for people to go astray in Los Angeles than it would be if these same people should go to Chicago or New York." It is interesting to note that Dr. Locke blamed the transients, saying: "If there is more evil in these western cities in some places it must not be forgotten that much of the sin here is committed by transients who are passing through California. These vicious people bring the evil with them and take much of it away with them when they leave. Having spent thirteen years in the three largest Pacific Coast cities, I know from observation that most of the meanness and crime of our beautiful coast country is due to adventurers who are maliciously exploiting our fair land morally and commercially." One of Dr. Locke's correspondents said: "It is harder for me to be good here than it was in Chicago because it is harder for me to get work." Another replied: "I don't see how any one can be bad in California." Another reply was, "God seems nearer to me here." One person wrote: "California without a Sunday law makes the work of leading good people astray easier for old satan." Doubtless some of the readers of The Pacific will agree with the editor in the thought that Dr. Locke lays too much on the backs of the transients. The wicked we have always with us.

The Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong of Seattle has been giving a series of sermons on such topics as "The Sign of the Beast," "The Sign of the Savage," "The Sign of the Pagan." In the one on "The Sign of the Savage," he said in part: "The ancestors of the most of us, a few centuries ago, were savages. If you were fortunate to have as your ancestors, Italians or Jews or more especially Chinese; then would this period of ancestral experience be pushed back to a remote period. But if your ancestors were mere Englishmen or Germans or Scandinavians then were they savages in recent centuries. Let me mention some of the signs of the savage. He works as little as possible. John L. Dube, a civilized Zulu and a Christian gentleman, in describing his people who are still in savagery, says that all the men do is to sit around the hut, snuff tobacco and talk politics. Here is a Seattle savage; a young man, six feet high dressed in the latest, refusing to work and living off his father. He may even be a member of the University and Country clubs. He will not work. He sits around, like the Zulu men, talking politics or dress or sports. A savage is careless of old people. Carelessness and neglect of the aged—in homes, on street cars, in work—are a sign of the savage. Savages live in one-room huts As man progresses, the calls of his house multiply. Wherever the one-room house appears in our civilization, it is a sign of savagery and the higher life of the city is in jeopardy. Relics of savagery are found in abundance on the streets of our city. Women attired a la savage enter our street cars, restaurants, stores, theaters and overflow all public places."

The Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown of Pilgrim Church, Seattle, spoke recently to the inmates of the Reformatory at Monroe, Washington, on "Baseball Theology." His thought was in brief as follows: "The bleachers provide a most democratic atmosphere. Rich man, poor man, beggar and thief all mass together in robust friendliness. Absolute strangers mourn together over misplays and shout and rejoice together at brilliant successes. They are brothers for the time-being. Their eyes fasten upon a common pageantry of graceful action and interesting uncertainty and their hearts leap together when a member of the home team swats out a home run in a needy time. Playing to the grandstand is perilous business either in baseball or life. Popularity which was once a wholesome tonic easily becomes a narcotic. Blatant appetite for notice, and gluttony for applause spoils many a player. He who 'bats over 400' is liable to stand like a peacock at the plate. To concentrate attention upon the game rather than upon self; to do the best one can in every emergency; to be through all as unconscious as possible of spectators; these are conditions of the finest success anywhere and everywhere. The dirty player is not confined to the baseball field. Spiking an opponent, and cutting a base have their nasty counterparts in everyday life. But the player with a yellow streak gets found out soon or late. Life is continuously under the divine scrutiny and dirty playing brings its own inevitable exposure and failure The qualities which win on the diamond make for the largest success in life. Alertness, poise, self-mastery and effective co-operation are prominent essentials No lead ever guarantees the game, no play is part from the dangerous menace of a possible error and quick thinking can achieve such marvelous things. The motive back of the sacrifice hit is the mainspring of the millennium."

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Only the pure or pardoned are free from slavery to sin.

## THE GREAT EUROPEAN CONFLICT.

While the immediate cause of Austria-Hungary's attack on Servia is the demand for reparation for the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, the ultimate causes are the movement of the Hapsburg Empire toward the south and the desperate efforts of the entire Serb race to regain complete national existence.

We condense for the readers of The Pacific an article in the New York Times which gives considerable insight into this affair between Austria and Servia which seems about to bring all Europe into war.

Ever since the repulse of the Turkish Army from Vienna in 1683 the Austrians have steadily fought their way southward, expecting ultimately to make their way to the Aegean over the ruins of the Turkish Empire. Austria, like Russia, was not unwilling to see small buffer states set up to occupy the middle ground during the intervals of rest in her forward movement, and so most of the Balkan States of today came into being.

Of the Servian race, which in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries ruled a vast empire, extending over the western half of the Balkan Peninsula and the eastern coast of the Adriatic, practically all had come under Turkish dominion in the sixteenth century. The Serbs of the hinterland of Istria and Dalmatia were soon taken from Turkey by Austria, and Montenegro won its independence. This left the Serbs of Bosnia, the Herzegovina, and Servia proper, as well as of the Sanjak of Novi Bazar and Northern Macedonia, still under Turkish rule. The Serbs of the present kingdom became autonomus in 1830, but revolted in 1876-78, aiming at complete freedom. With them joined their kinsmen of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Russo-Turkish war which followed made great changes in the Balkans. Servia proper obtained complete independence but Bosnia and Herzegovina were left nominal Turkish deppendencies, but really to be occupied by Austrian troops.

### Austria's Seizure of Bosnia.

The consequence of this was a four-year insurrection against the Austrians, the effects of which have never disappeared. The Austrians have spent large amounts of money on the country, but never allowed it autonomy; and in 1908-9, using as an excuse the constitutional revolution in Turkey, which would require delegates in the Turkish Parliament to come from these two States which were actually in Austrian hands, the Hapsburg monarchy formally annexed Bosnia and Herzegovvina. Germany backed up her ally, and the protests of the Slav powers did not go to the extent of war. Meanwhile the Slavs of Dalmatia are under Hungarian rule; and here, as in Bosnia and Herzegovina, promises of local self-government have never come to anything more than words. Thus the northern half of the Servian race is still under the Austrian Empire.

Meanwhile the southern half was finally united by the victories over Turkey in the war of 1912. Not only did this reconquest by the Servians of the core of their old empire, in Western Macedonia, give a tremendous impulse to the longing for complete national unity; it showed the Servian Nation that its military organization could be relied on for hard work.

In the Fall of 1912 the Servians mobilized 260,000 men in the first three weeks, and later added 145,000 more to the number; and while their losses in this war and in the struggle with Bulgaria in the summer of 1913 were heavy, the Servian troops fought brilliantly and proved themselves efficient and enduring.

### Deprived of Fruits of Victory.

But the fruits of this war were in part taken from them by Austria, whose diplomatic activity was responsible for the ruling of the powers, which compelled the Servians to give up part of their conquests in Albania. Thus Servia lost her chance to get a seaport and remains a landlocked power, her only outlet being through the friendly Greek ports on the Aegean Sea.

But the Servian victories in Macedonia, and the Greek capture of Salonika, put an unexpected obstacle in the way of Austria's march to the south. No more could the Dual Monarchy hope to inherit Salonika and the land between that part and the frontier of Bosnia on the final downfall of Turkey; Servia was now squarely across her path.

So the Balkan wars left the Servians confident of their military ability, elated by victory, determined on complete national unity, and angered by Austria's continued hold on the northern part of her nation and by her action in depriving the nation of an outlet to the sea. These wars left Austria-Hungary with increased difficulties in dealing with the Slav tribes, particularly the Servians, now in her dominions, and convinced that the march to the southward must be given up altogether unless Servia could be put out of the way.

To this were added many minor irritations, such as the railroad question in Macedonia. The Servians wanted to add the railroads in the territory conquered from Turkey to the State system, but the stockholders, most of whom were Austrians or Hungarians, objected. Moreover there was constant friction in Bosnia, and the party in Servia, which regretted the break-up of the Balkan League, was inclined to attribute the discord between Bulgaria and her former allies to the operations of Austrian diplomacy.

Thirty years ago Servia was a catspaw for Austria in the Balkan schemes, with Russia backing Bulgria, but now the Servians can count on Russian sympathy, for their cause is indirectly the cause of the entire Slavic race in its double struggle to be free from German rule, and to fight with the Germans for the heritage of Constantinople.

### Peter Made King By Tragedy.

King Peter, under whose rule Servia has advanced to a strong position in Southeastern Europe, came to the throne as the result of a crime that shocked the world.

Eleven years ago King Alexander of Servia and Queen Draga were assassinated in their palace at Belgrade. Half an hour after midnight on June 10, 1903, forty army officers entered the palace, burst into the apartments of the King and Queen, and killed them. Details of the tragedy vary, but the best authenticated is that the couple died in each other's arms. The same night several Ministers were slain by the plotters. The total number of victims of the conspiracy is said to have been fifty-four.

At the time of the tragedy King Peter was in Geneva, living a secluded life, and, apparently taking little interest in the politics of his native land. Ever since the terrible night of the assassinations he has denied that he had any foreknowledge of them. Nevertheless, suspicion has continued, justly or unjustly, to rest upon him, and it was some years after his accession to the throne before Great Britain and other powers recognized him formally as King of Servia.

King Peter as a young man led an adventurous life.

He studied in Switzerland and then went to the French Military Academy at St. Cyr. He took part in the French-German war as an officer of the Foreign Legion.

For many years se is said to have engaged in conspiracies against King Milan of Servia, but for forty-five years he never set foot on Servian soil until he was elected King by the Servian Parliament.

## VAST EUROPEAN ARMIES.

### Austria's Fighting Forces.

Austria's army is credited with a peace strength of 415,000 men and 1,880 guns, which the first-line reserves would increase in a few days to 820,000 men. Behind these could be mustered hundreds of thousands of men of varying ages who have had some military training, and who would fill the gaps in the field army. Little Servia can mobilize all of her male population trained to bear arms to the number of 324,000 in a fortnight's time, although she maintains only 36,000 men in time of peace. As Austria must guard her Russian frontier and leave some troops in the great Slav areas of her own territory to restrain outbursts of revolution, it can be seen that any army she might attempt to throw across the Danube into Servia would not be of overwhelming strength. Then, too, the Servian army is largely composed of veterans, with a splendid morale, and a record of first-rate achievement in the Balkan wars.

### Germany's Forces.

Germany's field army in time of war numbers 1,220,000 men, and her entire system of mobilization and strategy is based upon an invasion of France and a simultaneous resistance to a Russian attack upon her back door. Behind this field army stands an active reserve of 600,000 men of the Landwehr, and behind them still 1,500,000 men who have had military training and are available to make good battle losses. Germany's strong point, as opposed to Russia, of course, lies in her superior mobilization. The vast distances which Russian reservists must travel and the scanty railroads in the Czar's empire all tend somewhat to neutralize the preponderance of Russian troops.

### The Russian.

On a peace footing, the Russian army numbers 1,384,000 men of all corps, distributed over her European and Asiatic possessions. Many of these men would not be available for use in a European war. But military experts concede that Russia could hurl a great army of 1,500,000 men across the German and Austrian frontiers, these men comprising the regular European army corps and the first-line reservists. Behind them, in turn, are several million trained and partly trained men, for use in making up the ravages of battle and disease.

### France's War Strength.

France, too, would be an effective ally of the Servians on land. The French army is a different weapon from what it was in 1870. The active army in Continental France is thought to number about 600,000 men, and, although France's limited population does not allow her the immense amount of reserve strength which Germany possesses, the outbreak of war would mean the instant increase of the field army to a strength of 1,300,000 which might be still further increased by the recall of troops from Algeria, and drafts from 700,000 trained reservists of the second line.

### Strength of Italian Army.

The Italian army is more or less an unknown quantity. Its value to Austria and Germany would consist in its diverting some of France's attention to her southern frontier. On a peace basis the Italian army consists of slightly more than 300,000 men. The field army in time of war would muster nearly 500,000 men, and could be raised by drafts from the mobile militia to 800,000. Behind these troops stand the territorial militia, partially trained of more than 2,000,000 men, mostly of doubtful worth.

### England.

England is not expected to count for much in military operations on land in a general European war. Her allies would expect her to smash or bottle up the German fleet, and then lend her navy to assist France in wiping out the Austrian and Italian squadrons in the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas. Doubtless, several divisions of the so-called Expeditionary Force of the English home army could be sent over to France. But England's most efficient help would undoubtedly consist in attempting to destroy the German navy and mercantile marine and in blockading the German ports of the North Sea and the Baltic.

## A LETTER FROM CHINA.

Hongkong, China, June 24, 1914.

Editor of The Pacific:

One neglect of this trip I regret much. Why did I not keep a careful record from the day I left San Francisco of the various estimates I have heard in regard to the missionaries, both as to their personal character and as to the quality and wisdom of their work? The thinly veiled slurs of the ships' officers, the mature judgment of the army officers and the even more certain opinions of the tourists. Aside from the missionaries themselves who are not given to tooting their horns, I believe I have met only one person who believes that the missionary work is worth while, and she is a dear soul who is on her way to Nanking to visit her son who is a missionary. For several days I have been traveling with a gentleman whose worldly position would justify one in supposing that he has more than ordinary discrimination, who assures me, giving the proof that the missionaries are out here for the money they can make on the side, and that some of them are waxing quite rich out of their ill-gotten gains. His proof is as follows. Our steamer put in at Foochow to load tea and the captain, anticipating that the passengers might complain of the noise incident to the mixture of bales of tea and jabbering coolies which swarmed over the decks, allowed us to go up to Foochow which is several miles up the Min above the anchorage. The day before we had been in the tail of a typhoon and the subsequent calming of the wind and sea created a very oppressive condition of atmosphere. I was told that it was one hundred in the shade that day in Foochow, and the humidity I know was frightful. This gentleman went ashore with the crowd and climbed the steps to the old bridge and even ventured a few steps into the native city. There the smells overcame him and on his way back he says he stopped at a very nice looking place which he supposed was a tea house and asked for some tea. It was supplied to him and when he inquired the cost was charged fifty cents, twenty-five cents in our money. Later he inquired what the name of the place was and some one on the ship told him that it was a missionary's home. "There you are," he remarked to me, "doesn't that prove it?"

So far as I have been able to learn not a single one of the tourists who have expressed an adverse opinion in regard to missions, on leaving the steamer, have been any

nearer to real missionaries or mission work than this gentleman. Usually when one goes ashore for a few hours and asks a ricksha coolie to take one about the city the first place he takes one to is the vice quarter, and the next place is the curio street. Impressions of the Orient derived from such a tour while trustworthy in part, nevertheless do not belong in the foreground if the picture is to show a fair perspective.

For instance, in Foochow it required some patience and endurance to reach the Foochow College, for it is situated on a hill nearly two hours by chair, in itself not a very comfortable creation, through ill-smelling, damp streets, narrow and completely covered so that the sunlight hardly enters at mid-day. The odor of sweating flesh, the cries of the street vendor and the appeal of the loathsome beggars is enough to upset one's equanimity long before he is set down in the hospitable door of the American Board Compound.

My friend and I were cordially welcomed by Mr. Christian and his wife, and then taken back down into the city for a second look before dark. The man who changed our money has a business which has been established at the same location for eighty years, which seems rather long to one who has lived on the Pacific Coast. Perhaps I ought to explain that while China is down in the geographies as one nation, the money in Shanghai is not good in Foochow, and the money in Foochow is not good in Hongkong. The speech in Foochow is in a class by itself, and two hundred miles up the river it is not understood. Fancy trying to have a republic under such conditions!

At dinner out under the trees we met Dr. Beard and some other members of the mission but most of them had already retreated to Kuliang up in the mountains, the vacation season having already begun, wisely. After dinner we went to chapel and saw the students of the college assembled for evening prayers and heard them sing the old tune Hamburg until the glass in the windows fairly rattled. They are a fine looking set of boys, those students. When I asked Dr. Beard if he was getting hold of any but the coolie class, for this is one statement which I hear continually on the steamer, he laughed. So far is this from the truth, nearly all the students pay their board and tuition, and last semester they paid into the college treasurey over four thousand dollars; this in a country where families live on five dollars, Mex. a month! His eyes kindled with justifiable pride when he told of the graduates of the college who are now in important positions either in religious work or in the government service. I had heard that most of the converts lapsed into their native faith after leaving school so I asked him if that was true. He replied that all but one of the graduates of the college is a Christian and over forty from the college joined the church last year. He estimates that there are at least sixty thousand converts in the province of Fukien aside from the "learners" of whom there are very many.

From Mr. Christian we heard about the exciting times during the revolution when the Chinese canon were planted on the hill that overlooks their compound. He showed us the holes made by the bullets and balls in the walls of the buildings and also gave me some pictures of the hospital where they were caring for the wounded of both sides. They had sent all the women of the mission down the river where they were under the protection of a gunboat and had invited some marines from the gunboat to come to the compound and be their guests. Incidentally the guests brought guns with them , but there was no need to use them, not even against the robbers, for the Chinese put a guard entirely around their wall and permitted no one to enter without authority. Some of the members of the mission have received Red Cross medals for their service during the fight.

I wish there were time to tell you how we returned to the steamer that night. It was a weird trip down through the dark alleys at eleven o'clock at night even though we were guided by Dr. Beard and Mr. Christian with a lantern. Then getting into a sampan we poked about the river searching for a boat house which would meet the modest demands of cleanliness which two very tired men must insist on. At length we found our houseboat, only a junk with those picturesque sails and long sweep oars worked by coolies standing on the forward deck, but very comfortable and delightfully interesting to tourists. The tide turned at midnight and we drifted down the river under the most brilliant star-light I have I have ever seen, past the swarming harbor with its myriad lights and teeming life into the shadows cast by the mountain ridges on either side where we heard only the distant squeak of an oar or the soft voices of fellow voyagers. We were trusting our lives to six men who understood not one word we might say to them, whose faces we could not even see, but they had given their word to get us to the steamer at five o'clock that morning, and Dr. Beard said that they would rather lose their lives than have anything happen to us, such is Chinese business integrity. Needless to say we arrived in time much to the relief of some of the passengers who had supposed that we were lost instead of being occupied in verifying their opinion of missionaries.

Last week in Shanghai I had the privilege of going over St. Johns College, an American Episcopal institution, the best and largest college in China. Dr. Potts, its president, is about to celebrate his twenty-fifth anniversary as its head. I found him a delightful gentleman whom I am sure boys would like and respond to. They are doing splendid work and exerting a wide influence not only in the city but in all China. Many colleges in America would like to have as beautiful campus as St. John's has.

Los Angeles has been largely interested in maintaining the Y. M. C. A. in Shanghai, and I was fortunate enough to meet all the foreign secretaries who were in town through a seminary friend who is the director of their educational work. One cannot say too much for the efficiency and breadth of their work. These leaders here have the social vision combined with zeal of apostles. My friend here has organized a luncheon club, for instance, which affords a meeting place and forum for the leading men of Shanghai, both Chinese and foreigners. Such men as Wu Ting Fang have never missed a meeting since it was organized.

Everywhere I hear of large sums of money being given to the Y. M. C. A. In Foochow one family gave twenty thousand dollars for the new building which is being erected. Requests from cities in the interior for Y. M. C. A. work are coming in all the time and most of them have to be refused as there are not enough foreign secretaries properly trained to inaugurate the work in new places. In Shanghai a new building for boys work which will quite double the capacity of the plant is nearing completion. The Chinese take a very active interest in the management

of the work. The Y. M. C. A. in Shanghai being entirely dependent on native directors and the funds for current expenses being entirely contributed by Chinese. In Fukien Province where the people are not as well to-do as in many places there are a good many churches nearly self-supporting and the Chinese have a vote in the administration of funds supplied from missionary sources. I have not yet seen Canton but expect to spend the next ten days there, seeing the mission work at close range but from what I hear I judge that South China is quite as hospitable to Christianity as any region we have visited.

When a tourist returns from the Orient and brings back the report that the missionary work is as worthless as he supposed it was before he started from home, my advice is to put him under oath as to the number of mission stations he has actually seen and the number of Christian workers he has met before you quote him widely.

TYLER DENNETT.

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## LIFE CONSISTS IN OVERCOMING.

### A Sermon By Washington Gladden.

To him that overcometh, to him will I give * * *
—Rev.. 3:1.

This is a phrase with which each of the seven letters to the seven churches is concluded. In each of the letters the gift is varied. The significance of these gifts I shall not consider; I only call attention to the truth that the business of life is overcoming. The rewards of the infinite Bounty are promised to those who overcome. Life is a warfare, a struggle, a strenuous endeavor and we are expected to meet its tasks successfully. We are not merely to show fight when enemies rise up against us, we are to conquer them and march on. No provision is made for failure in seeking for the better life—the almighty help which is offered is sufficient for the weakest and worst of us. You are never beaten in the struggle for manhood unless you neglect or refuse to lay hold on the strength by which you might win.

"So close to grandeur is our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must';
The youth replies, 'I can' "

That isn't Isaac Watts or John Wesley; it is Ralph Waldo Emerson. For substance it is the everlasting Yea of Thomas Carlyle. You can do what you ought to do. To deny it or doubt it is to blaspheme God. That is the deepest meaning of the word God.

The point now in sight is the truth that life consists in overcoming. There is always something to overcome. We often find ourselves foolishly wishing that the obstacles were all removed, but it would be a flat, stale and unprofitable world in which there was nothing to struggle against. What would a game be without an antagonist? What would success be without an effort?

"Evolution," says a late writer, "is the working out of a problem in organization and education by a Mind of immeasureable resources, through and by means of a resisting medium." A Mind is back of it all. Evolution is not, then, as some ignoramuses are always brawling, atheistic. And all this vast work is done through and by means of a resisting medium. This may seem a paradoxical statement, but let us see how it is supported by our everyday experience.

In the mechanical world how could you shape anything unless you had resisting material? The granite resists more than the marble does, and the marble more than the oak, and the oak more than the pine and the pine more than the soft clay, and the clay more than the dough, but all of them resist your tools or your manipulations. If there were no resistance there could be no construction. Does the granite cutter or the goldsmith, or the carpenter ask for non-resistant material? No; he must have a resisting medium. His business is overcoming.

Vast are the applications of force which are made by means of the lever. Power at one end, weight at the other, and between them the fulcrum, the resisting medium. Unless there were something there to resist the action of the power at one end and the weight at the other, the lever, in all its multitudinous forms, would be nonexistent.

The motion of a bird through the air seems like a movement in which there is no resisting medium, but the flight all depends on the resistance of the air to the wing of the bird. The elastic air is the fulcrum of the bird's wing, just as the water is the fulcrum of the rower's oar or the swimmer's stroke; just as the water is the fulcrum of the propeller's screw. Of course the action of all flying machines heavier than air is produced by the same resistance —by two resistances, indeed; the downward pull of gravitation which resists the upward motion of the machine, and the resistance of the air which impedes its forward progress; it is by compounding these two resistances that men navigate the air. They could not fly in a vacuum; they could not fly without the aid of the force which pulls the machine downward. It is by means of these impediments that they make their progress.

Friction, of course, is supposed to be a great obstruction to motion, and we try to get rid of it in every possible way, with our lubricants and our ball-bearings; but we couldn't move without it. We can walk on ice because it is not entirely frictionless; there is enough friction, ordinarily, between the sole of the shoe and the glaring surface to permit us to move forward cautiously; but on a perfectly frictionless surface, with a frictionless shoe, we couldn't go at all. We get rid of friction so far as we can on the axles of our conveyances, but between the rim of the wheel and the road or the rail we need it always. Sometimes we have to supply it with sand bags, in the winter time. All locomotion, by wheels, depends on the presence of friction. It is the necessary concomitant of most of our mechanical operations. We could not tie a knot without friction. All leather belting depends on friction. We count friction an impediment, in motion, but it is an impediment without which most of our motion is impossible.

It is plain, I think, that the business of life is overcoming. It is not by accident or disturbance of the order of things that we are confronted with this necessity; it is one of the elements of growth and activity. We can understand the statement which we were considering a little while ago, that in the age-long process of organization and education the Mind of immeasureable resources by whom the work has been done has been dealing all the while with a resisting medium. "My Father worketh hitherto," said Jesus. And work is the application of intelligence and will to a resisting medium. That is God's work of creation. And neither you nor I can hope to be called to any higher or more productive enterprise than that.

Yet the great majority of the children of men are in the habit of regarding all the resistance of elements, and forces and circumstances as an evil which is to be avoided or averted; as a malign dispensation indicating that the world is out of joint. If it had not been for the fall of Adam, they are always saying to themselves, there would be no obstacles to encounter. All this toil and struggle and exertion is a sign that we are living in a disordered universe. When the New Jerusalem comes down or the Millenium arrives we shall have no more of this; there will be nothing to resist, nothing to overcome.

I think that there is a quite prevalent demand for occupations which make no strong call for exertion. To many people those careers are most inviting which offer the fewest obstructions. The calling is most desirable in which the fruit drops into the open hand without the need of shaking the tree. I don't say that many people are looking for just such jobs, but plenty of people are imagining that it would be very nice if they could find them.

It looks as if there were many parents in these days who have made up their minds to do what they can to prevent their children from joining the ranks and entering into the joys of the overcomers. They want to protect them so far as they can from meeting the resistances of life, its struggles and its buffetings. They had a good deal of overcoming to do in their younger days, and they are determined that their children shall have as little of it as possible. They think that they are very kind parents, but they are simply shutting the doors to manhood and womanhood against their own children.

There are many who appear to think that systems of education are all wrong which require concentrated and vigorous effort on the part of the pupil. Education which is much more than pastime is supposed to be a relic of barbarism. Why should these poor children be required to overcome difficulties? the reformers want to know. Why not invent a system of training in which there shall be no difficulties? Certainly; why not? and the same question is equally pertinent with respect to physical training. Why should we not have a system of gymnastics in which the gymnasts should sit in rocking chairs or recline on couches? When the new education gets its work all in, the only apparatus left in the gymnasium will be the mattresses, with cushions and pillows galore.

And it would seem that there are not a few labor reformers who have the impression that if labor were properly organized there would be no need of toil and struggle. The fact that hard work and strenuous endeavor are required of so many is evidence to them that something is terribly wrong.

Now God forbid that I should overlook or slur the fact that great multitudes are forced to work too hard, and too long, and for too little compensation. The need of lightening the load that rests on many stooping shoulders is not to be denied. But often I seem to hear complaints which not only attack the abuses of labor but which assume that labor itself is an evil; that the ideal condition is one in which everything can be had for nothing; in which nobody will have much if anything to do, and everybody will have all he wants to eat and drink and wear and waste. I don't look for that day. The time will never come when the good of life will be fairly won without labor and patience and frugality. It is unfairly won by many in these days without the exercise of any of these virtues, and we shall do what we can to put an end to that, and make everybody pay full price for what he gets out of the commonwealth; but when that good day comes there will still be, for all good men and women, burdens to bear, barriers to break, hindrances to surmount, obstacles to overcome. The resisting medium will be there; you won't get rid of it by any forms of industrial organization, and it is very foolish to wish it away. The good of life is won by meeting and mastering it, firmly and bravely and patiently.

Out of this brief survey of the field of human endeavor we may gather two or three suggestive inferences.

1. Our highest privileges, our greatest opportunities are often unrecognized. They come to us with gifts of mastery and crowns of glory and we count them hostile or unwelcome guests and turn them away. It is not quite true to say that they are blessings in disguise; they are not disguised; their true character is plainly visible; the veil is over our eyes. Let us not be hoodwinked by our own stupidities. Let us have the courage to see life steadily and see it whole.

2. The principle applies to the highest things not less pertinently than to the lesser interests. The prize of high character is not won without a struggle. Salvation is not yours without an effort. "Strive to enter in" is the call of the infinite goodness. The crown of life is given to him that overcometh.

3. It is not wise to pray too earnestly for an easy job. With the medium which resists most stubbornly the best and most permanent work is sometimes done. You can carve a statue out of chalk or butter or dough, but it isn't likely to last as long as the Apollo Belvidere or the Winged Victory have lasted.

4. Above all, let us not forget that the great work of the Infinite Goodness has all been done upon a resisting medium. Out of chaos he has been bringing order, out of formlessness beauty, out of blind cravings and elemental appetites kindness and justice, honor and fidelity, truth and love. The toughest and most intractable part of this material, I guess, is found in human wills, in your will and mine. It is easier to manage the nebulae or the protoplasm than to bring passion under the rule of reason and selfishness into the obedience of love. How long he has been working on this vast problem of organization and education no man knows. Ages on ages he has been pouring life into the lifeless clod and love into the loveless heart, and he is still bending to the task. "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard—the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary?" What but infinite compassion, and infinite patience, and infinite good will could have held the world on its course from that "Red of the Dawn" when dragons of the prime were tearing each other in their slime, to such fruitfulness and beauty and gentleness and grace as even now we find—and onward, over all the barriers of animalism and greed toward that

"Far off, divine event,
To which the whole creation moves?"

He is the Great Overcomer. And he calls us to be coworkers with Him in filling the earth with righteousness and peace.

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The man who goes wrong will have to come right some other way.

Things won't come your way if you insist on always having your way.

## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Dr. Brooks and Mrs. Brooks are at the Y. W. C. A. assembly at Asilomar this week.

The Rev. Mr. Naylor of Haywards returned last week from a vacation of several weeks in Northern California.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ferrier go on Thursday of this week for two weeks in Yosemite. They will be at Camp Curry.

The Rev. Mr. Charnock went out to San Lorenzo Sunday and occupied Mr. Bissell's pulpit. He reports Mr. Bissell improving.

The Rev. Dr. Aked expects to return from his vacation in Glacier National Park week after next, and will be in his pulpit on the 23rd.

The Rev. Benjamin Gould will reach Oakland this week accompanied by his wife, their marriage having taken place a few weeks ago in England—and will be in his pulpit next Sunday.

It was ascertained recently that Plymouth Church, Oakland, would not be ready to entertain the Northern California Conference in October. Accordingly the North Berkeley Church has invited it to meet there. The Congregational churches of Berkeley will unite in giving the usual entertainment.

Friday evening of next week the Opera Mikado will be given in Ebell Hall, Oakland, for the benefit of Myrtle Street Congregational Church. It will be given by the graduating class of the high school. First Church and Plymouth Church have indicated their fellowship by taking 300 tickets each, and it is expected that the attendance will be large. All seats are fifty cents.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity there will be a report of the recent missionary conference at Asilomar, near Pacific Grove. The Revs. Hinman, Rathbone, Browne and St. John will speak. On the 17th the Rev. H. H. Wikoff will give some experiences and impressions during his sojourn of several months in the East.

The directors of the Washington Home Missionary Society have been endeavoring to secure the Rev. J. K. Browne as Mr. Scudder's associate, so greatly has he commended himself as a worker while acting for the last few months as Pacific Coast secretary of the American Board. The appointment was urged on Mr. Browne at the recent meeting of the Washington Conference where he gave several addresses. Mr. Brown expressed great appreciation of what such an appointment signified, but declined to accept it, expecting to return east and continue in the service of the American Board unless he can resume his work in Turkey which he would gladly do if the health of his wife should permit. Mr. Browne has enjoyed the work on the Coast very much, and is desirous of being of further service. He will gladly speak as often as there is opportunity. Do not hesitate to ask for his services.

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No man has reached the top until he is out of reach of self.

## RECEPTION TO DISTINGUISHED CHURCH AND INTERDENOMINATIONAL WORKERS OF NEW YORK CITY.

Dr. Wm. I. Haven, Secretary of the American Bible Society and chairman of the Administration Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ of America, and Dr. Frank M. North, Missionary Secretary and chairman of the executive committee of the Federal Council, with their wives and a missionary party, will be tendered a reception and a dinner by the executive committee of the Committee of One Hundred at the Y. M. C. A. Friday evening, August 14.

Dr. H. H. Bell, executive secretary of the Commitee of One Hundred, will preside. The reception will begin at promptly 6 o'clock. The dinner at 6:30.

Addresses of welcome will be given with responses by the distinguished guests. The Japanese Consul, Hon. Y. Numato, and the Chinese Commissioner, Wong Mo Tseck, will be present and also speak.

The dinner will be 50 cents per plate, but reservations must be made by Monday evening, August 10th. Tickets on sale at the San Francisco Bible Depository, Y. M. C. A. Building, The Westminster Book Store, Sutter and Stockton streets, The Methodist Book Concern, City Hall avenue.

Drs. Haven and North and party are on a tour to the various agencies and mission fields throughout the Far East.

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## WASHINGTON.

At the meeting of the Washington Congregational Congregational Conference last week on Vashon Island, the Rev. Dr. T. H. Harper, pastor of Westminster Congregational Church of Spokane, was elected moderator for the ensuing year, and Mr. A. S. Burwell of Plymouth Church, Seattle, associate moderator.

So successful was the joint meeting of Conference and Summer Assembly that it was voted to meet in the same manner next year—giving two full days then to the Conference.

There is a probability that the place of meeting next year will be at Seabeck on Hood's Canal, as plans are being considered for making that a permanent place for church assemblies of several denominations.

The following named persons were elected as a board of directors for the Assembly next year: Sydney Strong, president; L. J. Coleman and J. D. Bassett, vice-presidents; E. C. Wheeler, secretary; J. V. A. Smith, treasurer; other members: Frank Dyer, E. A. King, W. W. Scudder, P. T. Schrock, F O Wyatt, C J. Bushnell, H. C. Mason.

W. W. Seymour of Tacoma was chosen as president of the State Brotherhood; Rev. W. Withington of Monroe as secretary; and W. H. Lewis of Seattle as treasurer.

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## OREGON LETTER.

**By George H. Himes.**

The pastor of the First Congregational Church of this city, Rev. Luther R. Dyott, D.D., began his vacation last week and it will last for the month of August. The church services will be held as usual, however, and the pulpit will be supplied by Rev. Charles L. Kloss, D.D., of Webster Groves Congregational Church, Missouri. He conducted the services this morning for the first time and delivered an excellent sermon, showing that in large measure true and lasting happiness came about as a result of self sacrifice. Dr. Kloss was a classmate of Rev. George E. Paddack, D.D., now Home Missionary Superintendent of Oregon. They met today for the first time in several years.

Dr. and Mrs. Paddack have been having an unusually sad experience for several weeks past. Mrs. Paddack had a paralytic stroke recently, and the prospect for her substantial recovery was improving daily until within the past week when in attempting to get about on crutches she fell and broke one of her legs. It is hard to predict what the complications necessarily arising from this accident will be. Dr. Paddack is greatly distressed over the situation of his wife.

Rev. John J. Staub, D.D., of the Sunnyside Congregational Church of this city, returned during the past week with his family from a month's outing by the side of the ocean at Long Beach, Washington, and occupied his pulpit today. Plans are being worked out for an active and aggressive campaign for the coming year.

One week ago Rev. Dr. W. B. Hinson, of the First Baptist Church, of which he has been a very successful pastor for the past four years, tendered his resignation, and it is being considered by the proper body of church officials, who, it is believed, will use every effort possible to secure its withdrawal. Dr. Hinson is absent from the city at present, and the pulpit will be supplied by Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, a former pastor, for the present month.

Today is the eighty-seventh birthday of Mrs. Elizabeth Evans Jones, a native of Wales, who landed in San Francisco on December 19, 1853, coming from Iowa with her husband via the Isthmus of Panama. In 1869 the family removed to Oregon, settling near this city. On January 2, 1874, Mr. and Mrs. Jones united with the First Congregational Church, and for more than forty years she has been an ever present help in the general work of the church. Her example has always been one of the best—always an inspiration to young people. Notwithstanding her advanced years, she rarely misses a day service. Forty or more of her co-workers in the "Silver Circle," an adjunct of the Ladies' Aid Society, but made up of the elderly women of the church, gave her a surprise birthday party yesterday.

Rev. Daniel V. Poling has resigned the pastorate of the Pilgrim Congregational Church and joined the temperance workers in the State and soon will ally himself to the national body of that character.

Portland, August 2, 1914.

# The Home.

## THE GRACE OF GROWING OLD.

The Vice-President's rather trite remark that this is the day of young men, and that the old ones are crowded off the stage everywhere, has received almost as much public attention as if it contained a novel thought. It seems, also to have excited an undue degree of resentment among men who have passed the meridian of life. Why is this? What is there about growing old that makes so many of us dread it? To be old does not necessarily mean to be useless or unattractive. Even the reader who lays aside a book that bears the scars of long wear, finds in the softened tint of its ancient pages , with the hint of gray in the ink of its imprint, a charm wholly lacking in the sharp black and white of an edition fresh from the press. For business purposes we may prefer the latter, but for long companionship in the library—"to live with," as we sometimes say of a rural view—the other would be our choice. It is one of the tests of good painting that it shall improve in tone as it grows old; that its colors, though they may crack here and there, shall lose the garish vividness, and its outlines the intensity, which marked them when the master's brush was first lifted from the canvas.

The best wines become mellower with age. The comfort of the old shoe is proverbial, because the leather, while still in the pliant stage, gradually fitted itself to the idiosyncrasies of the wearer's foot. Old houses—always excepting ruins, of course—are preferable to new, and for the very reason that, having been lived in, they have acquired a human atmosphere. Age gives to literature its one seal of authenticity, since only those writings whose merits can survive the inconstancies of popular taste belong in the literary caste. We love certain old plays, old music, old memories, not because they are old but because they are pleasant in spite of it; the hand of time, working at once on them and on our faculty of association, has accentuated their good points and tempered their bad ones. Is not this true of people as well?

In nature, much as we rejoice in new births and tender adolescences, our deepest sentiment is reserved for the things which impress us with their antiquity. We have woven about them a phraseology all their own. We like to talk about the hoary ocean; the gray old rocks against which its spray is dashed; the mountains which still stand where they stood when man first opened his eyes upon the universe; the forest primeval; our pristine mother earth. These and a thousand other poetic figures familiar to us from childhood show, by the responsive echo they never fail to awaken in our hearts, how ready mankind is to treat plentitude of years as a synonym for steadfastness, the one quality which lies at the foundation of all confidence and real respect. And when we find that among inanimate things of old age, so far from being repelent, exerts a positive attraction, why are we so prone to deplore it as soon as it threatens to touch ourselves?

Looking back upon his childhood, the writer recalls distinctly the awe in which he held the antiquity of his grandparents, yet the family record shows that they were still only in the sixties. They were made of the stern old stuff of their duty and looked it. Both grandfathers had white hair—the one a thin sprinkling, the other a thick shock, like a cloud of steam. Both grandmothers wore lace caps and octagonal spectacles, which they must have taken off when they went to bed, though their grandchildren never guessed it then. All four affected black in their attire. All spoke with marked deliberation, even when in jest, and each had a certain individuality of phrase and pronunciation which persists in the family's memory at the expense of many more important matters. They loved to have young life about them, even when they had passed the point where they could longer enter into its amusements with its own zest.

It is a common saying that there are no old people now-a-days. That is more flattering than true. There are as many old people now as there ever were, in proportion to the population at large, but there are fewer, perhaps, who advertise their passing. The old people of today, as a rule, try to be more spruce, more agile, more debonair. They pay an attention to externals which would have been regarded as indecorus by persons of the same age a half-century ago.

And who would have it otherwise? The whole world loves the old person with the youthful spirit. The only thing it asks of him is that he shall be honest with himself and with the rest of us, by neither pretending to be something that he is not, or not to be something that he is.

Age which apes youth is disgusting. There is nothing more repulsive than the "old beau," so-called: the man physically venerable enough to be a grandfather—perhaps actually a grandfather—assuming among young women, in all seriousness, the airs of a gallant of their own generation. This is not meant to decry the genuine chivalry of the old-fashioned man, with his gentle deference to everything feminine and his pleasure in serving the girls of his family as escort, advisor or playmate; it is aimed only at the gray-haired, wrinkled, infirm old lady-killer, straining to graft the graces of twenty-five upon the rusty stock of seventy years' growth, and glorying in affairs of the heart when he ought to be revising his will.

On the other hand, age which is ashamed of itself may be either pathetic or irritating, according to the manner in which it exposes this weakness. We meet old people now and then who resent with no little bitterness every reference, however unpremeditated or indirect, to a gap in years between themselves and the boys and girls about them, and some carry it to the extreme of objecting to any other old person's recognizing his own signs of wear and tear. This attitude comes pretty near to being insufferable, and veterans who assume it may put a very severe strain on the regard, to say nothing of relaxing the respect, of those attached to them by ties of kindred and daily association. It is not merely grotesque, but an interference with the rights of others in a situation to which nature alone holds the key.

When the senile jack-a-dandy affronts our sense of decency, when our contempt is stirred by the patriarch who betrays his decline by insisting that others shall ignore even his ripeness, when the prematurely aged wearies us by harping on his advancing decrepitude, we turn with refreshment to the old person who is fairly and frankly just that, but who keeps his vital embers always so cheerfully aglow that they warm us whenever we come near him. God bless the healthy-minded, hearty-handed old boy who realizes that he can' vault fences or sing tenor, play tennis all day or waltz all night as he used to, yet who, with full appreciation of his limitations, is just as resolved as the best of us to be of the world as long as he stays in it!

He has the candor of our ancestors, coupled with the spirit of our posterity. As we look at him we are inspired to believe that the quality of our own old age is going to be determined, not by a date in the birth-day book, but by what we set out to make our lives; that we can fill it with wholesomeness, with fragrance, with interest, in a way even with romance if we will. In order to do this, we must never lose sight of the fact that the chief virtue in human conduct is honesty, and that the best expression of honesty in externals is naturalness, and hence that the grace of growing old lies neither in hiding nor in exploiting one's years, but in accepting them at their face and giving them a smiling welcome.—F. E. L. in Boston Transcript.

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A thousand miles of mighty wood
Where thunder-storms stride fire-shod;
A thousand plants at every rod,
A stately tree at every rood; ?
Ten thousand leaves to every tree,
And each a miracle to me—
Yet there be men who doubt of God!

—Joaquin Miller.

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Sometimes the thing we get for nothing is nothing to our credit.

# For The Children.

## THE JOHNNY CAKE.

Little Sarah she stood by her grandmother's bed,
"And what shall I get for your breakfast?" she said.
"You shall get me a johnny-cake: quickly go make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it."

So Sarah she went to the closet to see
If yet any meal in the barrel might be.
The barrel had long-time been empty as wind;
Not a speck of the bright yellow meal could she find.
But grandmother's johnny-cake—still she must make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it.

She ran to the shop; but the shopkeeper said,
"I have none—you must go to the miller, fair maid;
For he has a mill, and he'll put the corn in it,
And grind you some nice yellow meal in a minute;
But run, or the johnny-cake, how will you make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it?"

Then Sarah she ran every step of the way;
But the miller said: "No, I have no meal today;
Run quick, to the cornfield, just over the hill,
And if any be there, you may fetch it to mill.
Run, run, or the johnny-cake, how will you make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it?"

She ran to the cornfield—the corn had not grown,
Though the sun in the sky all pleasantly shone.
"Pretty sun," cried the maiden, "please make the corn grow."
Pretty maid," the sun answered, "I cannot do so."
"Then grandmother's johnny-cake, how shall I make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it?"

Then Sarah looked round, and she saw what was wanted;
The corn could not grow, for no corn had been planted.
She asked of the farmer to sow her some grain;
But the farmer he laughed till his sides ached again.
"Ho! ho! for the johnny-cake—how can you make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it?"

The farmer he laughed, and he laughed out loud—
"And how can I plant till the earth has been ploughed?
Run, run to the ploughman, and bring him with speed;
He'll plough up the ground and I'll fill it with seed."
Away, then, ran Sarah, still hoping to make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it.

The ploughman he ploughed, and the grain it was sown,
And the sun shed his rays till the corn was all grown.
It was ground at the mill, and again in her bed
These words to poor Sarah the grandmother said:
You shall get me a johnny-cake—quickly go make it,
In one minute mix, and in two minutes bake it."

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## FRED'S WISH.

"Oh, dear!" said Fred, as he frowned at the neat rows of figures on the paper. "I wish I never had to work any problems forever, mamma! I can't add nine and nine together. It's too hard."

"What would you do if you did not have to add these

figures?" asked his mother.

Fred had been whining and fussing for half an hour and saying he could not do the work, but now he smiled and looked very pleasant. "I'd play and play!" he said quickly. "It would be such fun."

"Very well, I will add them for you," said his mother. She took the paper and very soon had the answers set down in a pretty row under them. "Now you can run and play," she said.

"Mamma! Will you do them every evening for me? said Fred, waiting, cap in hand to see if he could play always.

"We will see, son. Perhaps one day will be enough!"

"Oh, mamma, I'll never get tired of playing."

So away he ran and was soon having a fine time at playing with his little friends. In the midst of a game Miss Eleanor came past and stopped to speak to them. Miss Eleanor was their teacher and they all loved her.

"Are these your scholars?" asked Mr. Porter, who joined her for a walk. "And do they all get their lessons well?" he went on, as the lady nodded.

"Indeed they do!" said Miss Eleanor. "Here is one of my very best boys," and she patted Fred on the head. "This young man always has one hundred in numbers. He had not missed one day this term."

"Good for you, sonny!" said Mr. Porter. "A boy who can get that kind of grade is bound to get along. Wait a minute! Here is some money for a treat for the crowd and you may select the things because you have the best grade. Get anything you like." He handed Fred a big shining coin, but the little boy would not take it.

"I guess I don't deserve it," he said slowly. "Every day mamma has a great deal of trouble keeping me at my numbers, and tonight I teased and teased till she let me go to play without doing them."

"Why, Fred!" said Miss Eleanor in surprise.

"Never mind!" said the young man. "You'll never do it again. Run along, Fred, and have a good time and after this you will remember, I'm sure."

The peanuts and popcorn and candy did not taste as good as usual to Fred, but the minute the little feast was over he rushed home. "Mamma! Mamma! Won't you please rub out all the answers you put down for me? I want to do them all myself."

"I have rubbed them out, son, and have been waiting for you to come back to do them," said his mother. "I don't believe you will ever wish for all play time again, will you?"

"I don't think I will," said Fred, bravely, getting at the long row of figures. "Why, mamma, it's real fun to do this when I don't whine. I'm glad you made me get one hundred every day, for it was very nice to hear Miss Eleanor praise my work. And after this I'm going to try to get it without so much fussing and teasing."—Hilda Richmond in Herald and Presbyter.

### A LITTLE BOY'S DREAM.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who had a dream. He thought he was sitting on a fence so high that he could see almost the whole world. He could see farms and fields for miles and miles away.

On one farm there was a barn and a house.

As the little boy looked at this house he found that he could see right in at the windows, although he was sitting on the high fence. In this house he saw a little boy who would not get up when his mother called him in the morning.

"Jimmie, Jimmie," called the mother, but the little boy shut his eyes tighter than ever.

"I never did that," said the little boy on the fence; then he said, "How queer that other little boy's name should be Jimmie, just like mine."

Slowly the little boy awoke. His mother was standing beside his bed, calling, "Jimmie, Jimmie."

"I was dreaming," said he, "and I saw another little boy just as lazy as me."

"Sometimes it is good for us to see how we seem to other people," said his mother.—Ex.

### JOHNNY CAKES.

Mother mixes as is best
  Eggs and butter gold,
Flour, milk and all the rest,
  Just as oft of old;
Then the oven hot to fill
  It is shortly gone;
When it's out she spreads with skill
  'Licious icing on.

Johnny home from school at noon,
  Mother's patience tries;
When he gets a slice he soon
  For another sighs;
When he comes from school at four
  Johnny makes his plea,
And at five eats one slice more,
  And at supper three.

Johnny has a winning way
  When he stands and begs;
Johnny also has, they say,
  Hollows in his legs;
Wonder in it can you find?
  Mother, when she bakes—
Chocolate—lemon—any kind—
  Calls them "Johnny cakes."

—Charles Campbell Jones.

### LITTLE POLLY'S POME.

**'Taintmema.**

Once my father said to me
"Here's a curious mystery:
Every deed which is not right
In this house that's brought to light
Is not done, it would appear
By somebody living here
Anyway, it's always blamed
On a total stranger named
  'Taintmema.'

"Fingermarks upon the door
Muddy trackings on the floor
Books and papers out of place
Or a broken cup or vase
Or most anything that's named
For which some one should be blamed
When we ask 'who did it, pray?'
  We can hear somebody say
  'Taintmema.'"

—T. Daly.

### THE WORD OF GOD.

It sounds along the ages,
Soul answering to soul;
It kindles on the pages
Of every Bible scroll;
The psalmists heard and sang it,
From martyr-lips it broke,
And prophet-tongues out rang it
Till sleeping nations woke.

From Sinai's cliffs it echoed,
It breathed from Buddha's tree,
It charmed in Athen's market,
It gladdened Galilee;
The hammer stroke of Luther,
The Pilgrim's seaside prayer,
The oracles of Concord,
One holy word declare.

It dates each new ideal,—
Itself it knows no time:
Man's Laws but catch the music
Of its eternal chime
It calls—and lo, new Justice!
It speaks—and lo, new Truth!
In every noble stature
And unexhausted youth.

—William C. Gannett.

### "WHAT WE BELIEVE."

The Scottish Rite Auditorium addresses on "Our Changed Conception of God," "The Changed View of the Bible," and "Christ from the Modern Point of View," have been printed in pamphlet form.

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The Anti-Saloon League of New York has made public an offer of $2500 in prizes for the best essays on "What the Liquor Revenue Costs New York." The essays are limited to 5,000 words and must be in by October 1. It is expected that the total amount of the prize fund will be increased.

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